

Air Route Sure

Future Airship Will
Carry Freight
and Passengers

By CAPT. THOMAS BALDWIN.
Who Has Sold Airship to Government.



The great future of the airship lies in transportation both for passengers and merchandise. Use in war it will have, just as the telegraph and the railroad have had, but the great development of the airship will be for commercial purposes and to utilize the one free highway of the earth. The air is free for us all, and it's going to be conquered, just as surely as we conquered with the boat and the railway.

How long? I cannot tell. No one can. Certainly within the next score of years, but, then, it may come in a night. But this I do know—when the scientists come to irrefutable facts and figures in aerial navigation and can lay down a set of rules and laws and a formula for the guidance of us practical men, then will come perfection in a jump.

There are very few who have taken up the subject methodically and scientifically; in fact, practically none but experimenters like myself—plain, practical experimenters, willing to take a chance and find out the best we may how the thing is to be done. But it takes years and lives to learn and get the experience. We can only hope that science will join hands with practicability and gain perfection in aviation.

The airship of the future will be of the Von Zeppelin type. I have studied out that phase of the question to my own satisfaction, and I have come to the conclusion that such will be the type. But it will have more planes—more than on my dirigible—in fact, be a combination of the dirigible and the aeroplane, but larger. The airship of the future, as I see it, will be of immense size, have great speed and will be as easily controlled as this hundred footer of mine.

An English View of Lynching

By ANDREW LANG.

Not very far from the peaceful hostelry where these lines are written, two men, as I am informed, were conversing together in the road after midnight. The weather was fine, the night was pleasant; a motor came up, knocked them both over, injured them very severely, and went on its way rejoicing. It behaved like the Russian fleet when it fired on our fishing boats, and I am not aware that the motor has yet been detected.

There are countries in which this sort of behavior might provoke lynchings, of innocent people probably. The lynchings, again, might give rise to more caution among drivers of motors. But "do not duck them, do not nail their ears to the pump," as the man said in the old story. There is a pleasant owner of a motor in a new novel, "Mrs. Bailey's Debts," by Mr. Eddy. "What's a five-pound-note?" he asked. "I want to go fast, and I am ready to pay. 'Fine away,' I said to the bluebottle. 'I shall have a bottle of fizz to-night, just the same. . . . When you're in a buzzer, you're cock of the walk, and whether you like it or not, you've got to scoot.'"

As a five-pound fine is nothing to this detestable type of rich cad, perhaps some other way of cutting the combs of such cocks of the walk may be ultimately invented. But let us keep within the law. Do not let us shoot at them, as a worthy magistrate once proposed. For my part, were it lawful, I could cheerfully shoot all persons who turn loose on the rural nights the yells of costermongers' songs by aid of gramophones—these joys of the lively and undiluted; But, like the author of "Murder as One of the Fine Arts," "I am all for law and order and that kind of thing."

Make Marriage Har- monious

By HELEN OLDFIELD.

The vast majority of people doubtless will agree that harmony of temper between man and wife is a prime if not the first and foremost essential to happy wedlock. It is true that two can walk together, unagreed, and keep step, in so far as outsiders are able to tell, but the pace is wearing, and the promenade is not a pleasant exercise.

People marry because they are in love with each other, or fancy themselves so, and imagine a land of unalloyed happiness in which they shall dwell. After a shorter or longer period of married life the dream ends. Pride and regard for public opinion thenceforward, perhaps, hold the man and woman together in inharmonious union. Yet affinities by far oftener are made, or rather developed, than they are born, and if married couples could understand how to harmonize their tempers, how to meet each other in all the matters which pertain to their lives, life indeed would be for them "one grand, sweet song;" the outcome would be wonderful and beautiful beyond expression in words.

But how can tempers be harmonized? How does one succeed in any undertaking in life? By patient continuance in well doing; by close application and attention to the task in hand. How many husbands really know their wives? Most of them take refuge in the common fallacy that woman is a mystery, when in point of fact with rare exceptions she is simplicity itself. Most women are sensitive, even touchy. How many men take heed of that and are gentle and tender because thereof? Do they not say things which they know will hurt? Make semi-sarcastic speeches which will cut to the core and provoke a burst of temper? That is what they call "getting a rise" out of her and the worse her temper becomes the more cutting and severe are the man's remarks, until finally he slams the door and is off for the evening, leaving her in a tempest of anger and of tears.

It is quite probably that the wife is to blame. She has been willful, foolish, extravagant, or otherwise annoying, yet none the less it is the duty of a husband to help his wife to blend into a peaceable condition of life, no matter how much patience on his part is requisite for the work. It can be done by tact and tenderness and, above all, by love.

SERIAL STORY

The Princess Elopes

By HAROLD McGRATH

Author of
"The Man on the Box,"
"Hearts and Masks," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.
Arthur Warrington, American consul to Barcheit, tells how reigning Grand Duke attempts to force his niece, Princess Hildegard, to marry Prince Doppelkinn, an old widower. While riding horseback in the country night overtakes him and he seeks accommodations in a dilapidated castle. Here he finds Princess Hildegard and a friend, Hon. Betty Moore, of England. They detain him to witness a mock marriage between the princess and a disgraced army officer, Steinbock, done for the purpose of foiling good. Max Scharfstein, an old American friend of Warrington's reaches Barcheit. Warrington tells him of the princess. Scharfstein shows Warrington a locket with a picture of a woman inside. It was on his neck when he, as a boy, was picked up and adopted by his foster father, whose name he was given. He believes it to be a picture of his mother. The grand duke announces to the princess that she is to marry Doppelkinn the following week. During a morning's ride she plans to escape. She meets Scharfstein. He finds a purse she has dropped but does not discover her identity. Warrington entertains at a public restaurant for a number of American medical students. Max arrives late and relates an interesting bit of gossip to the effect that the princess has run away from Barcheit. He unwittingly offends a native officer and subjects himself to certain arrest. Max is persuaded to take one of the American student's passports and escape. The grand duke discovers the escape of the princess. She leaves a note saying she has eloped. Efforts are made to stop the princess at the frontier. Betty Moore asks for her passport. She asks Warrington for assistance in leaving Barcheit, and writes him to call on her in London. Max finds the princess in the railway carriage. She accuses him of following her. He returns to her the purse he had found. It contained a thousand pounds in bank notes. At the frontier Max and the princess are arrested and taken to Doppelkinn's palace.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"When you listen to reason, prince," replied the girl calmly, "you will apologize to the gentleman and give him his liberty."

"Oh, he is a gentleman, is he?" "You might learn from him many of the common rules of courtesy," tranquilly.

"Who the devil are you?" the prince demanded of Max.

"I should be afraid to tell you. I hold that I am Max Scharfstein, but the colonel here declares that my name is Ellis. Who are you?" Max wasn't the least bit frightened. These were no feudal times.

The prince stared at him. The insolent puppy!

"I am the prince."

"Ah, your serene highness," began Max, bowing.

"I am not called 'serene,'" rudely.

"The grand duke is 'serene.'"

"Permit me to doubt that," interposed the girl, smiling.

Max laughed aloud, which didn't improve his difficulties any.

"I have asked you who you are!" bawled the prince, his nose turning purple.

"My name is Max Scharfstein. I am an American. If you will wire the American consulate at Barcheit, you will learn that I have spoken the truth. All this is a mistake. The princess did not elope with me."

"His papers give the name of Ellis," said the colonel, touching his cap.

"Humph! We'll soon find out who he is and what may be done with him. I'll wait for the duke. Take him into the library and lock the door. It's a hundred feet out of the window, and if he wants to break his neck, he may do so. It will save us so much trouble. Take him away! take him away!" his rage boiling to the surface.

The princess shrugged.

"I can't talk to you either," said the prince, turning his glowering eyes upon the girl. "I can't trust myself."

"Oh, do not mind me. I understand that your command of expletives is rather original. Go on; it will be my only opportunity." The princess rocked backward and forward on the divan. Wasn't it funny!

"Lord help me, and I was perfectly willing to marry this girl!" The prince suddenly calmed down. "What have I ever done to offend you?"

"Nothing," she was forced to admit.

"I was lonely. I wanted youth about. I wanted to hear laughter that came from the heart and not from the mind. I do not see where I am to be blamed. The duke suggested you to me; I believed you to be willing. Why did you not say to me that I was not agreeable? It would have simplified everything."

"I am sorry," she said contritely. When he spoke like this he wasn't so unlovable.

"People say," he went on, "that I spend most of my time in my wine-cellar. Well,—defiantly,—what else is there for me to do? I am alone." Max came within his range of vision. "Take him away, I tell you!"

And the colonel hustled Max into the library.

"Don't try the window," he warned, but with rather a pleasant smile. He

was only two or three years older than Max. "If you do, you'll break your neck."

"I promise not to try," replied Max. "My neck will serve me many years yet."

"It will not if you have the habit of running away with persons above you in quality. Actions like that are not permissible in Europe." The colonel spoke rather grimly, for all his smile.

The door slammed, there was a grinding of the key in the lock, and Max was alone.

The library at Doppelkinn was all the name implied. The cases were low and ran around the room, and were filled with romance, history, biography and even poetry. The great circular reading table was littered with new books, periodicals and illustrated weeklies. Once Doppelkinn had been threatened with a literary burn of mind, but a bad vintage coming along at the same time had effected a permanent cure.

Max slid into a chair and took up a paper, turning the pages at random. What was the matter with the room? Certainly it was not close, nor damp, nor chill. What was it? He let the paper fall to the floor, and his eyes roved from one object to another.—Where had he seen that Chinese mask before, and that great silver-faced clock? Somehow, mysterious and strange as it seemed, all this was vaguely familiar to him. Doubtless he had seen a picture of the room somewhere. He rose and wandered about.

In one corner of the bookshelves stood a pile of boy's books and some broken toys with the dust of ages upon them. He picked up a row of painted soldiers, and balanced them thoughtfully on his hand. Then he looked into one of the picture-books. It was a Santa Claus story; some of the pictures were torn and some stuck together, a reminder of sticky, candied hands. He gently replaced the book and toys, and stared absently "into space. How long he stood that way he

did not recollect, but he was finally aroused by the sound of slamming doors and new voices. He returned to his chair and waited for the denouement, which the marrow in his bones told him was about to approach.

It seemed incredible that he, of all persons, should be plucked out of the practical ways of men and thrust into the unreal fantasies of romance. A hubbub in a restaurant, a headlong dash into a carriage compartment, a long ride with a princess, and all within three short hours! It was like some weird dream. And how the deuce would it end?

He gazed at the toys again.

And then the door opened and he was told to come out. The grand duke had arrived.

"This will be the final round-up," he laughed quietly, his thought whimsically traveling back to the great plains and the long rides under the starry night.

CHAPTER XI.

The Grand Duke of Barcheit was tall and angular and weather-beaten, and the whites of his eyes bespoke a constitution as sound and hard as his common sense. As Max entered he was standing at the side of Doppelkinn.

"There he is!" shouted the prince. "Do you know who he is?"

The duke took a rapid inventory. "Never set eyes upon him before."

The duke then addressed her highness. "Hildegard, who is this fellow? No evasions; I want the truth. I have, in the main, found you truthful."

"I know nothing of him at all," said the princess curtly.

Max wondered where the chill in the room came from.

"He says that his name is Scharfstein," continued the princess, "and he has proved himself to be a courteous gentleman."

Max found that the room wasn't so chill as it might have been.

"Yet you eloped with him, and were on the way to Dresden," suggested the duke pointedly.

The princess faced them all proudly.

"I eloped with no man. That was simply a little prevarication to worry you, my uncle, after the manner in which you have worried me. I was on my way to Dresden, it is true, but only to hide with my old governess. This gentleman jumped into my compartment as the train drew out of the station."

"But you know him!" bawled the prince, waving his arms.

"Do you know him?" asked the duke coldly.

"I met him out riding. He addressed me, and I replied out of common politeness,"—with a sidelong glance at Max, who stood with folded arms, watching her gravely.

The duke threw his hands above his head as if to call heaven to witness that he was a very much wronged man.

"Arnheim," he said to the young colonel, "go at once for a priest."

"A priest!" echoed the prince.

"Yes; the girl shall marry you to-night," declared his serene highness.

"Not if I live to be a thousand!" Doppelkinn struck the table with his fist.

The girl smiled at Max.

"What?" cried the duke, all the coldness gone from his tones. "You refuse?" He was thunderstruck.

"Refuse? Of course I refuse!" And the prince thumped the table again.

"What do you think I am in my old age,—an ass? If you have any fillets to break, use your own pastures. I'm a vintner." He banged the table yet again. "Why, I wouldn't marry the Princess Hildegard if she was the last woman on earth!"

"Thank you!" said the princess sweetly.

"You're welcome," said the prince.

"Silence!" bellowed the duke. "Doppelkinn, take care; this is an affront, not one to be lightly ignored. It is international news that you are to wed my niece."

"To-morrow it will be international news that I'm not!" The emphasis



"Take Him Away!"

time threatened to crack the table leaf. "I'm not going to risk my liberty with a girl who has no more sense of dignity than she has."

"It is very kind of you," murmured the princess.

"She'd make a fine wife," went on the prince, ignoring the interruption.

"No, a thousand times no! Take her away—life's too short; take her away! Let her marry the fellow; he's young and may get over it."

The duke was furious. He looked around for something to strike, and nothing but the table being convenient, he smashed a leaf and sent a vase clattering to the floor. He was stronger than the prince, otherwise these wouldn't have been a table to thwack.

"That's right; go on! Break all the furniture, if it will do you any good; but mark me, you'll foot the bill." The prince began to dance around. "I will not marry the girl. That's as final as I can make it. The sooner you calm down the better."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Jealousy.

Talking about Creole jealousy," said the observant man, "I saw a specimen of Chicago jealousy the other night that had it beaten to a frazzle. A handsome fellow was at dinner with two girls, when a young woman came in, caught a corner of the tablecloth, and yanked the whole tableful of dishes and dinner off onto the floor, then walked out of the room."

"What did the man do? Followed her and made friends with her again. She was his fiancée. He gave her a \$400 diamond ring afterward, they said. If she had been his wife he would in all probability have beaten her instead of giving her a present."

Chicago Inter Ocean.

Natural for Them.

"Those young fellows act like a bunch of fools." "They consider that they have a right to act that way."

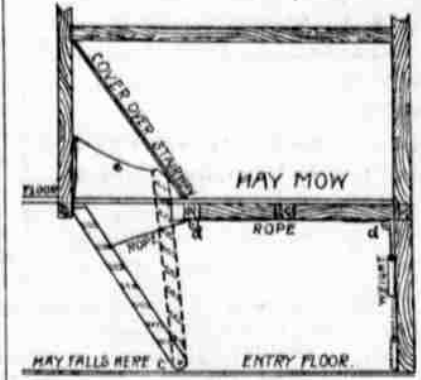
"I'd like to know what right?" "They belong to the smart set."—Houston Post.



STAIRS FOR THE BARN.

They Will Prove Handy and Save Much Time.

A lot of time is saved if one has handy stairs which can be used for throwing down hay as well as a passage way. These steps are made of



A Step Saver.

light material and instead of putting on a lower step, use a block, C, and attach the stringers of the stairs to it at each end with a pin. A rope, explains Farm and Home, passes over the pulleys at D, to a weight which allows the stairway to be held upright, while the hay is being put down. The rope, E, is handy to pull the stairs into position.

SIZE OF COW STALLS.

Three Feet of Space is Hardly Enough for Comfort.

A cow can lie down in three feet of space if she is of ordinary size, if she lies perfectly straight. Go into a stable, however, where cows are allowed only this amount of room and you will hardly ever find all lying down. Some lie a little to one side, thus preventing their neighbor from lying.

We find 3½ feet none too much space, and four feet would be better if one could afford it; especially for large cows, writes Forest Henry, in the Northwestern Agriculturist. Where cows are crowded into three feet it is an easy matter for them to reach one another's feed. As to the length of platform between drop and stanchion, it will depend altogether on length of cows. I feel that it is a pretty good plan to begin at back of barn with four feet ten inches and run to the front on the bias to four feet six inches. Ordinarily the master or larger cows come in first and go to back of row. This gives a variation of four inches which is none too much. By this scheme you have every length of teup and will come nearer fitting the whole herd than by any other device I have seen. With the swinging steel stanchion you can hang them so as to make a variation of easily two or three inches.

There are devices so arranged that by loosening a nut the stanchion can be pushed back or drawn forward and make more variation, but I would much prefer the common, plain steel swinging stanchion with nothing to get out of order.

SKIM MILK FOR CALVES.

That Right from the Separator Is Believed to Be Best.

It is sometimes said that sweet skim milk fed directly from the hand of the separator has caused the death of calves and young pigs, but I know of no specific case in which this is true, says a writer in Farmer's Voice, or experiments which indicate that sour skim milk gives better results than sweet; in fact, the evidence is very largely in favor of sweet skim milk.

The skim milk directly from the separator has more or less air in it, as may be seen by the foam on the top of it. I have fed this milk within three or four minutes after separating to young calves, and never had any trouble which might in any way be traced to the skim milk. This would not prove, however, that allowing a young calf or pig to overload its stomach with new milk more or less mixed with air would not prove injurious, though I question very seriously whether this cause alone would produce death. In my opinion if skim milk is allowed to stand ten minutes or so after separating, the light foam from the top removed and only a moderate amount of the fresh milk allowed each animal, no injurious results are likely to occur.

Many farmers think that because the fat has been removed, a calf must be given all the skim milk it can drink, and many calves suffer from too much skim milk; also from feeding cold skim milk and from sour skim milk, more especially if it is sweet one day and sour another.

While satisfactory results are reported from feeding skim milk, I recommend the use of sweet, still warm from the separator.

City Milk Inspection.

Agitation in favor of purity in our food supply is resulting in the passage of very stringent regulations governing the milk and cream supply in our larger towns and cities. Within the past few months this matter has received more attention than ever before. It is a sign of progress.